

ABILENE REFLECTOR.

Thursday, June 16, 1887.

HENRY LITTS, Editor.

It is reported that Jacob Sharp will not be sent to the Tombs during his trial. It is alleged he is in poor health and is a millionaire.

At a meeting of the Kentucky Distillers' Association yesterday, it was stated that there were in bond in that state 39,000,000 gallons of whisky. The supply of Kentucky fire-water greatly exceeds the demand.

There are booms and booms. A Blaine boom, a Sherman boom, a Kansas boom, an Abilene boom,—but the boss boom is the Grover Cleveland boom. This last boom beats the Abilene boom by sheer force of numbers, having nearly the whole country as backers.

During the year ending May 1st there were 1,600 miles of new railroad built in Kansas, adding about \$8,000,000 to the wealth of the state. It is thought that the number of miles built during the year to come will exceed that figure by several hundred, and probably reach 2,000.

The farms of Kansas are more productive than all the gold and silver mines in the United States. The total gold and silver product of all the mines of this country for the year 1886 was \$86,000,000. The total value of Kansas farm products for 1886 was over \$120,000,000, or 40 per cent more than the total mine product of the United States for the same period.

The following is taken from the Solomon Sentinel. After copying the REFLECTOR's article the following sensible addition was added thereto:

"O. L. Moore is well and favorably known to the people of our city and county, and would without doubt, make an admirable judge. Further we believe Dickinson county is justly entitled to receive for one of her citizens the judgeship of the district, the major portion of the eminent legal talent thereto, being located in our county."

The prohibitory law is likely to be defeated to some extent in Maine. Michael Burns, a liquor dealer of Augusta, has brought to that city from Liverpool a large invoice of foreign distilled spirits which he offers at wholesale and retail. The United States protects all persons importing liquors from foreign countries from prosecution under state laws, for selling in unbroken packages. When the general government and all the states unite in a prohibition law, then prohibition will prohibit.

One of our humorous writers makes the following hit on a certain class of travelers: "In the morning is a good time to find out how many people have succeeded in getting on the passenger train who ought to be in the stock car. Generally you will find one male and one female. The male goes into the wash room, bathes his worthless carcass from daylight until breakfast time, walking on the feet of any man who tries to wash his face during that time. He wipes himself on nine different towels, because when he gets home he knows he will have to wipe his face on an old door mat. People who have been reared on hay all their lives generally want to fill themselves full of pie and colic when they travel.

If you never rode in a varnished car before, and never expect to again, you will probably roam up and down the car, meandering over the feet of the porter while he is making up the berths. This is a good way to let the people see just how little sense you had left after your brain began to soften.

Prof. Foster.

Three months ago this weather prophet predicted that a terrible drought would spread over Kansas, commencing in the latter part of May, and continue on through June and July. The predictions of these weather cranks must be taken like dreams, by contraries.

Playing Marbles for the Senate.

Bobby Perry and Sonny Bloxham were two good little boys that were deeply enamored of the same little girl, whose name was Flora Day. Long they strove in generous rivalry for the honor of carrying her lunch basket to school and fighting the flies away from her when she sat down to rest after jumping the rope at recess. It puzzled Flora's little head to decide between them. She could have been happy with either if the other had been away. She gave both locks of her hair—dead loads of locks, in fact, and loads of dead locks—but it did not ease the difficulty of the situation. They still strove for her preference, and she was still unable to say which one she preferred. Finally, for the sake of preserving peace in Miss Flora's family, Bobby Perry and Sonny Bloxham held a conference and resolved that, as she was so very particular, they would both go off and play marbles by themselves and let her see how it felt to have no little sweetheart; and while they were doing this a boy named Chappie Pasco walked off with little Flora Day. And this, my children is the way they make United States senators down in sunny Florida.—Chicago Tribune.

A bill granting women school suffrage has passed both branches of the New Jersey Legislature by large majorities. New Jersey is the fourteenth state to extend this right to women.

Half the fools in the United States think they can beat the doctors in curing the sick; two-thirds of them think they can beat the ministers preaching the gospel; and all of them know they can beat the editor running the paper.

Secretary Bayard's position on the subject of immigration from Ireland is entirely sound. He declines to make any rule regarding immigrants without means, beyond that laid down by the law. The Government will take care, through special investigations, to prevent the landing of "foreign contract labor," and that persons liable to become public charges are not landed at our ports without giving the security required by law. The recent action of Collector Saltounstall on this subject establishes a precedent that will be closely followed, and which should dispel all apprehensions of injury to American industry through unauthorized immigration.—Star.

The other day, when Grover Cleveland emerged from the woods and slipped down to Washington, he took care not to pass through Malone, the home of ex-Vice President Wheeler. He also was observed to studiously avoid looking at the cemeteries, in which the little flags and the flowers still remained to designate the graves of dead soldiers.—Topeka Commonwealth.

The flue to the "bakery" is full of soot and smut, and their fuel of sticks that sends out so often columns of smoke, must be dipped in concentrated bile, ere, according to their ideas, is properly prepared to be run in the forms that formulate their Commonwealth of daily prepared sour grape pie, for the devoted admirers of this bakery, that has been issuing this monotonous diet since March 4, 1885.

The Virginia Election.

The Republicans can examine the returns from the Virginia election with great satisfaction. Republican candidates for county offices have been elected in eight or nine counties that never had a Republican official before. It is becoming plainer every day that careful work and a vigorous campaign in 1888 are liable to place the Old Dominion in the Republican columns.—Phila. North American.

And Democrats can afford to examine them with even greater satisfaction, for Democratic candidates were elected in a still larger number of counties that were not Democratic before; since nearly all the Republicans elected were elected on citizen's tickets rather than as Republicans, and since the general result shows a Democratic gain and a profound satisfaction, throughout the Old Dominion, with President Cleveland and his course.

Sherman and the Shirt.

The Seranton Republican and other contemporaries of the same faith seem disposed to believe, or pretend to, that Democratic criticisms of John Sherman's Springfield speech are inspired by fear that their effect upon the sentiment of the country will be detrimental to Democratic prospects.

That is a comforting belief, if it really is a belief, which must be doubted. But it is not a well founded belief nevertheless. The average intelligent Democrat has been disposed for some time to think that John Sherman would make a stronger candidate than James G. Blaine, or than any other man whose name has been mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination. But nobody is quite fool enough to fear that such utterances as those he vented at Springfield would add to his formidability. John Sherman, nor any other man, big or little, can revive sectional hatreds in this country. The war is over. The Union has been maintained. The mistakes and enmities of the past lie buried with the past.

General A. G. Griffin was the orator on Memorial Day at Keene, N. H. Here are two specimen paragraphs from his oration:

The old bitterness (in the South) toward the North has almost wholly disappeared. Men who fought with determination to destroy each other, now fraternize in the closest friendship and vie with each other in their devotion to a reunited nation.

Let us not fail to do our part toward cultivating friendly relations. It is greatly to be regretted that some newspapers and individuals on each side occasionally indulge in sectional slings and spiteful vilifications, for it is worse than folly to keep up sectional jealousy and ill feelings.

This exemplifies the spirit, convictions and purposes of true patriots, North and South. There are some lesser Shermans here and there, but the boys who did the fighting have, as the New York Herald expresses it, "hung their hatred on the same peg that holds their muskets." It has not been noted perhaps, that it was a well known active Republican worker in this county who, on Memorial Day, read, both at Fort Fort in the morning and Hollenback cemetery in the afternoon, the touching lines often printed: "The Blue and the Gray."

The Bourbon Bloody shirt candidate is not a candidate for the Democrats to be afraid of in 1888, for the bloody shirt is not going to win in 1888. John Sherman has a certain strength greater than Blaine's in the pivotal state of New York, but it is because the property-holding class would rather trust him than a man of reckless vagaries like Blaine, and the less John Sherman has to say in perpetuation of the bloody shirt, the longer that greater strength will abide with him.—Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Leader.

The following curious epitaph is inscribed on the tombstone of a printer in England: "No more my dead perplex my brain; No more my dead's small face my eyeballs strain; No more the proof's foul page create me troubles; By errors, transpositions, omissions and doubts; No more to over-run shall I begin; No more to drive out and drive in; The stubborn pressman's brow, I may say, Revised, corrected, and finally worked off."

A correspondent of a New York paper says that Gen. Tuttle, of Iowa, came home from the war and stood as Democratic candidate for governor of that party in Iowa. Having suffered a most inglorious defeat, he left and went over to the Republican party, where he has been a candidate for nomination at each gubernatorial election from that day to this. They have treated him even worse than the Democrats did in not giving him a chance to "face" and "fight" his opponents on the stump.

The Philadelphia North American says: There is one good reason why the press and people should stop accusing the Order of the Knights of Labor of being inclined to socialism or worse. The new constitution of the Order is even more stringently drawn against the interests of the liquor traffic than the old one. Liquor dealers are excluded from membership, and the sale of liquor is prohibited at all social gatherings. How can it be possible for an Order with these constitutional principles to drift into anarchy?

An observing exchange says the printing press has made presidents, exalted politicians, killed poets, furnished genius with criticism. It has made worlds come up at roll call every morning, and given the pulpit lungs of iron and a voice of steam. It has set a price on a bushel of wheat, and made the country postoffice the glimmering goal of the rural scribe. It has curtailed the power of kings, burst up the plans of boodlers, and embellished pantry shelves. It has converted bankers into paupers, and made laymen of college presidents. It has educated the homeless, and robbed the philosopher of his reason. It smiles and kicks, and cries and dies; but it can't be run to suit everybody, and the editor is a fool who tries it.

Hamstring Them.

There are a lot of rule-or-ruin Irishmen in New York city who ought to be speedily put beyond all further power to do devilment by a thorough system of hamstringing. One McMackin is the noisiest, the most ill-bred and the most offensive of these. He is a ward politician who lives by blackmail levied upon the woe of Ireland. The plan to entrap Mr. William O'Brien, the great Irish orator, was a skillful plan and only miscarried at the last moment. The purpose was to have him speak two words for Ireland to fifty for McMackin, McGlynn and Henry George. McMackin was to preside at the meeting. The resolutions were all cut and dried and given to a long, canting eulogy of land grabbing. Without a single thought or care as to what bad results might follow in the future, the lying impression was sought to be fixed upon the public mind that the Irish nationalists were battling for the pernicious doctrine of Henry George. What cared McMackin that the sacred cause of Irish liberty might be put in grievous peril if gain could come to his faction of local jobbers, and he could have the credit of harnessing the national league to his chariot wheels for pay? Amid the heat and the torment of Ireland's last battle with her enemies, here is a traitor who would drag her into the arena of American politics, and put upon her already bowed and weary shoulders a burden so unnecessarily heavy and hateful as to almost root her feet to the ground and compromise the lavish sympathy which the American people, above and beyond all party associations and affiliations, have poured out unstintingly upon the Irish cause. Because O'Brien would not yield himself a victim to these black-mailing, communistic conspirators of municipal politics with Blaine's boodlers, Mr. Mackin at the head of them, no baffled Canadian Orangeman ever assailed him with more of course brutality and malignant venom. By his side and in comparison with him, Lansdowne is made an angel of light. The cruelest among the Bodyke evictors are merciful when contrasted with O'Brien. The man who was stoned, shot at, assaulted and well nigh murdered for daring to proclaim the truth in the name of the Irish tenantry is not fit to go back to his home until the dynamites of New York have libeled his patriotism and lied upon him because he would not lend himself to their piratical schemes, nor permit himself to be used for their own selfish and greedy purposes.

If Mackin and his crowd of boodlers only spoke for themselves, and the balance of the boodlers would consort with them, no advice would be needed as to what kind of treatment best calculated to fix their status, brand them and let them run. But being Irishmen they speak for Ireland upon all occasions and raise such a clamor in the name of home rule and local self-government for Ireland, that people at a distance too often make the mistake of imagining them to be patriots, when the highest position they ever aspire to, is that of ward fixers, slush takers and stuffers of the ballot-box. In the name of everything that is splendid and heroic in Ireland's fight for freedom, is there no way to muzzle these wolves, who disguise themselves as sheep the better to devour.—K. C. Times.

It has been said that it is impossible to say any thing farther in the interest of Kansas than has already been said by every paper published in the state, and many papers published elsewhere. That are edited by men who have paid Kansas a visit and become infatuated with her many charms. But a man who cannot find something new, pleasing and useful every day in different portions of the state, must have the blind staggers, and better stagger out of the state. New and startling discoveries are made of the hidden treasures, that lie buried beneath the endless treasure of rich and productive soil that covers nearly the entire surface within her borders. New veins of coal, superior salt wells, natural gas wells for domestic and manufacturing purposes, large deposits of fire brick and pottery clay, rock quarries of all grades and qualities, endless quantities of gypsum rock, and other geological discoveries too numerous to mention. Her magnificent water power on various streams is being daily brought into use.

Located in the exact centre of the United States we have a right to call ourselves the hub state of the Union. Three great trunk lines, extending from ocean to ocean, pass through Kansas, the fourth is being built. We are on the great highway of the North-west to the Gulf and Southern states. Our climate is all that could be desired, half way between blizzard swept Dakota and Minnesota, and the burning heat of the south. We have neither of the extremes. Half way between the Atlantic and the Pacific, we skip the cold ocean breezes, half way between the miasmatic Mississippi bottoms and the high and dry peaks of the Rockies, we have the healthiest, purest air in this great country that has such a diversity of climates. We are not only in the centre of the Union, but in the very centre and heart of prosperity and success. Ad astra per aspera, "to the stars through difficulty." We not only reached the stars, but we are the centre star of the 38 stars, that to-day, like the stars of Heaven, are gazed at with wonder, by the inhabitants of the globe. At the hub of the Union we are warranted in the assertion that thirty-seven spokes are each increasing the strength and magnificence of the hub, by voluntarily contributing to the same, her sturdiest sons and daughters, and the hoarded wealth they tried of. Her fellow-citizens are eager to invest in enlarging the wonderful remunerative hub that absorbs all, not in a devilish sort of a clutch, but, feeds, takes care of, fattens and thrives, each one and all alike. The hub's axle is greased by millions of bushels of grain, hundreds of thousands of cattle, hogs, sheep, &c., and inexhaustible resources that never will cease to produce and yield fourth abundantly, and the horn of the plenty, strictly a Kansas institution, will always remain with her people until all man, kind are gathered to their fathers by one prolonged blast of Gabriel's horn.

THE G. A. R. MUDDLE.

The Abilene Post Makes a Break that will Tend to Break up the Organization.

Resolutions Highly Disrespectful to the President, Gen. Sherman, one of the Best and Bravest Soldiers of the War, Writes a Letter to the Committee of Arrangements. A Conservative and Sensible View of the Situation. A Strong Rebuke to the Extremists.

Gen. Sherman on the Muddle.

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—General John A. Noble and Colonel D. P. Dyer, two prominent members of the G. A. R. of this city, received a long letter to-day from General Sherman, in which he discusses at some length the recent muddle regarding the invitation to President Cleveland to visit St. Louis during the grand army encampment next fall. The material points of the letter are as follows: "The rumor of your troubles in St. Louis reached me by telegraph, and has lost nothing by distance. I believe we here in New York now understand the facts, that the Grand Army of the Republic holds its next annual encampment at St. Louis on the last Wednesday of September, 1887; that the great fair of the valley of the Mississippi begins Monday, October 2; that the best citizens of St. Louis have invited many prominent men to be the guests of their city on the accidental coincidence of these two important events, among these the president of our common country, Grover Cleveland, his family and suite. The Grand Army of the Republic is composed exclusively of men who served in the army and navy of the union, to which Mr. Cleveland does not belong, and therefore he cannot participate in any of its proceedings; but the moment the Grand Army emerges from its hall of deliberation it becomes like the Free Mason, Odd Fellows, and other societies of good men associated for a noble purpose, a part of the general community, subject to the laws and usages of that community. Mr. Cleveland is the president of the United States, by a fair election of all our people, commander-in-chief

of the army and navy of the United States, free to come and go wherever the jurisdiction of this, our national government extends. He may visit any fort or ship where the national flag will be raised to manifest respect to him and his office, and should a foreign ship fail to do him full honors, none will be so quick to resent an insult as the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, who perilled life and limb to make that flag respected at home and abroad. The idea of his being insulted, much less endangered, should he be on the stand alongside our commander-in-chief, General Fairchild, when the Grand Army is passing in review, seems to me monstrous. I think I know the Iowa boys too well to believe such a thing possible. Brave men are never ungenerous, and the Iowa soldiers were brave men. I know it, of knowledge acquired in battle, and I will pledge my life that no Iowa soldier will do so unmanly an act, should Mr. Cleveland accept the invitation, and I hope he will, to attend the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic at St. Louis on the 25th of September next. I will stand by his side or march past in the ranks of Ransom post, as may be ordered by Gen. Fairchild. I notice with pain that the President's action in certain pension bills enters into this unhappy controversy. There were many private bills and one of a general nature which the President vetoed. The constitution of the United States compels the President to approve or veto each separate bill as it reaches him from Congress. If approved, it becomes a law; if vetoed, it requires an increased majority of Congress to pass it, but the President can only account for his judgment by his own conception of duty and to his God. We, as soldiers, must submit to it, because it is the law. I do not believe this government can ever be too charitable to the old soldiers wounded or in distress by age and infirmity, and had I been near Mr. Cleveland I would not have ventured to advise him on the general bill, but as to the private cases I would have said: "Charity enters largely into all pensions, and when any special bills have passed the ordeal of the committees of the House and Senate, approve them; but on the general bill exercise your full constitutional power."

Honest men differ widely on this question of pensions to our old and feeble comrades. We all mean to do what is right, but differ to the means. All we know after twenty odd years after the civil war, the government of the United States under Republican and Democratic rule pays out to our old soldiers of the Union army about \$60,000,000 per year, and a few thousand to the Mexican war veterans, regardless of locality, and not one cent to the rebels of the South whom we fought in the civil war. We old soldiers of the civil war have not yet just cause to make an issue on the question of pensions to our infirm and wounded comrades. I advise you to go right along, prepare the way for the Grand Army of the Republic at its session of Wednesday, September 28, at St. Louis, and receive them as they deserve—as guests; also the President of the United States, with such other honored guests as may grace the occasion. If any of our comrades feel hurt at the association they can remain at home, but the sun will rise each morning, the seasons will follow each other in quick succession, and the world, with its myriads of people, will go right along just the same. Let us do right as near as we know how, and trust the future to the boys who look on us old veterans as prodigies, or as old fogies, lingering superfluous on the stage of life. I believe I know you both perfectly well, and that you will sacrifice life rather than honor. Therefore, whatever you do I will stand by you. The same as to Rainwater, Kennard, Cobb and Jerome Hill, who took the wrong shoot in 1861, but who are now with us in heart and act for the "union, one and inseparable, now and forever." Instead of the Grand Army of the Republic meeting only in the loyal states of 1861 and 1865, I am in favor of their meeting hereafter at Washington, Chattanooga and Atlanta, following the example of our army who fought for the Union. I am always your friend, W. T. SHERMAN.

John and William write and talk quite different. John would have made a splendid sutler, or a drum-major in the state militia, to lead an attack on a field of mullen stalks. His record would equal that of a few members of some of our posts, who did the fighting during the war in their minds. John, and his feeble imitators, are not the soldiers who fought where the battle was the fiercest, and the shot and shell were doing their deadly work. There is a few, and only a few, of the true soldiers who endorse John Sherman, while William Tecumseh is now called "a crazy old crank" by that class of men.

William T. Sherman, the man who walked through the heart of rebellion and thrust his blade in the very heart of treason, to-day is ridiculed because he is not loyal enough, but John, dear John, who has walked through the heart of fat offices and plucked the shekels hanging thereto, and was always and forever loyal to every scheme that was to enrich and fatten the capitalist and monopolists, and thereby rob the masses,—the man that has helped to pluck from the great majority of his countrymen the God-given rights that William Tecumseh fought so heroically for on the field of battle, for nearly five

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long years. He, John, dear John, is so loyal you know, because, with his jaw, he fights the Brigadiers. How he fights for loyalty! No, he is fishing for the presidential nomination, but the bait he is using he stole—stole it like a thief at night, for when William T. was in the fishing business he forced live rebels to squirm on his hook, and he captured secession and landed it high and dry upon the solid rock of our constitution, where it lay panting and bleeding, and finally died. But Johnny has no live reb with a musket loaded with cartridge, that took nerve to bait the hook with. He never was known to search for that kind of bait, so he sneaks up and steals a bloody shirt from the grinning skeletons, that have been bleaching for twenty-five years, and shouts his loyalty, and has caught a few suckers and crabs, and he has landed them high and dry; so high that their forms are almost as invisible as their souls upon a dry and dreary waste, a place fit for only such uncharitable, soulless creatures, a gang of modern shlyocks. They are hungering and thirsting after the pound of flesh, but

the drop of blood, during the bloody affray, they neither spilled from their own or any other being, but the flesh in the shape of fat offices, they hunger and thirst after. Old John wants to be the boss shlyock, since he has captured a few would-be shlyocks, it is to be hoped he will keep them landed around him high and dry, from our once more happy and united people. Our true soldiers fought the good fight, and won, and the battle is over, "LET US HAVE PEACE." Oh yes, there is a great difference between John and William. It was even more noticeable from 1860 to 1865 than now.

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